

IN THIS ISSUE—THE SHIELD AND THE SUPER-NAZI RAT--  
THE SON OF THE HUN, IN FIGHTING, DRAMATIC ACTION STORIES!



The SHIELD

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# SHIELD-WIZARD

comics

NO. 10



YOU HAVE  
KILLED MY BODY  
SHIELD, BUT YOU  
CANNOT KILL MY  
SPIRIT! IT WILL  
LIVE ON TO HATE  
YOU AND CURSE  
YOU FOREVER!

LOOK  
SHIELD!  
TH--THE  
HUN!

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THE ORIGINAL

# SHIELD AND DUSTY

the  
BOY

CHAPTER 1

THE CURSE  
OF THE  
HUN!

YOU HAVE  
KILLED MY BODY  
SHIELD, BUT YOU  
CANNOT KILL MY  
SPIRIT! IT WILL  
LIVE ON TO HATE  
YOU AND CURSE  
YOU FOREVER!



CAN IT BE  
TRUE? CAN THE  
DEAD LIVE TO  
REVENGE? WE  
ALL KNOW  
THE HUN IS  
DEAD, AND THAT  
THE SHIELD  
AND DUSTY  
WERE RESPON-  
SIBLE FOR  
SCOURGING  
THE EARTH OF  
THIS NAZI BEAST  
---AND YET? --  
WELL, READ ON,  
THE STRANGEST  
STORY OF THEM  
ALL!  
"THE CURSE  
OF THE  
HUN!"

LOOK  
SHIELD!  
TH--THE  
HUN!



THE DAY FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF THE HUN, WE FIND JOE HIGGINS AND HIS YOUTHFUL PAL DUSTY IN JOE'S TROPHY ROOM---

SOME BOOK OF CRIME THE HUN LEFT BEHIND HIM, DUSTY!

HERE ARE THE LAST LINES HE EVER WROTE - I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH WORDS OF HATE ON PAPER BEFORE!

THAT BOOK GIVES ME THE CREEPS, JOE! I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT!



IT'S BLOOD!

YOU'RE RIGHT!  
THE HUN'S  
METAL SHIELD!  
IT DRIPPED BLOOD!

TAKE IT DOWN,  
JOE -- GET RID  
OF IT PLEASE!  
IT MEANS

THERE'S SOMETHING  
EVIL ABOUT THIS  
SHIELD, DUSTY! I'M  
CHUCKING IT INTO  
THE FIRE!

SUDDENLY ---

DUCK, DUSTY!  
DUCK!

HELP ME -  
HELP ME  
SHIELD!

I QUIET  
YOU --  
QUICK!

I HATE BEING IN  
THE DARK ABOUT  
ANYTHING ----



SO LET'S  
HAVE  
SOME  
LIGHT  
ON THE  
SUBJECT!

CLICK

HERE'S WHERE I PUT YOUR  
LIGHTS OUT!

CRACK

YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO TAKE  
THIS LYING  
DOWN, ARE  
YOU?

SH--SHIELD  
THE OTHER  
ONE'S  
CHOKING ME!

I'M COMING,  
DUSTY!

GOOT TING  
I LET GO--  
CURSE  
DAT  
BRAT!

OOOF

YOU'RE OKAY  
NOW, DUSTY!  
LET'S SET  
THEM UP IN  
THE NEXT  
ALLEY!

WATCH THIS  
DELIVERY!

READY--  
AIM ----



WITH A GRINDING FURY THE SHIELD OVERTAKES THE FLEEING MARAUDERS!

ALL OUT BOYS! THIS IS LAST STOP!

AND STOP THIS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!

DEY CUT US OFF! STOP RIGHT HERE YOU FOOL!

COME ON BUD, YOU HEARD ME SAY THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!



KEEP 'EM FLYING!

HERE'S THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME ---



WE GOT THEM NOW!

KAMARAD!

HERE'S THE TWO  
OF THEM  
SHIELD!

ONLY  
TWO!

WHERE'S THE  
MAN WITH  
THE CROOKED  
SCAR?

HE MUST  
HAVE GOT  
AWAY!

GOOT! DO YOU  
HEAR DOT, HANS?  
WILHELM ESCAPED!

JA! OUR PLAN  
SUCCEEDED! NOW  
HE HAS DER HUN'S  
IRON  
SHIELD!  
VERY  
GOOT!

VE VERE  
ORDERED TO  
TO DO SO  
BY OUR  
FUEHRER!

SO THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
WERE AFTER-  
THE HUN'S  
SHIELD!  
BUT WHY?

A SHORT WHILE  
LATER AT F.B.I.  
HEADQUARTERS!

UND SOON, WILHELM  
VILL BE BACK IN  
CHERMANY - OUR  
MISSION COMPLETED!

---AND YOU'LL BE  
BEHIND BARS--  
COME ON  
YOU TWO!

...AND THEY CAME ALL  
THE WAY FROM GER-  
MANY TO GET THE  
HUN'S SHIELD! BUT  
WHY? WHY?

WELL, WHAT  
ABOUT IT,  
RATZI?

I'VE TOLD YOU ALL  
I KNOW! VE VERE  
ORDERED TO BRING  
BACK DER  
HUN'S  
SHIELD UND  
VE DID!

HMM... ORDERS  
FROM SHICKEL-  
GRUBER HIM-  
SELF! WHY IN  
THE WORLD  
DOES HE WANT  
THE HUN'S SHIELD?  
THE HUN IS DEAD-  
OR IS HE?

# Roads of Destiny

THE ORIGINAL

# SHIELD AND DUSTY

the  
BOY DETECTIVE

DUMBKOPFS!  
SHTUNKS!

CAN'T I GET YOU TO  
DO ANYTHING BY  
YOURSELVES! MUST  
I ALWAYS RELY ON  
MY INTUITION!  
HE'S SOMEWHERE  
IN GERMANY, I TELL  
YOU! YOU MUST  
FIND HIM!

BUT.. BUT.. VE HAFF  
SEARCHED EFFERYWHERE,  
MEIN, FUEHRER!

HEIL,  
HITLER!  
VOT ISS IT? VOT  
DO YOU MEAN  
BY BREAKING  
IN HERE?...  
WHO ISS DOT  
RAG-PICKER  
MIT YOU?

OUR SEARCH  
ISS AT AN END  
MEIN, FUEHRER!  
LISTEN... BZZ...  
BZZ... B...

YES...NO, UH-HUH...  
YES...NO...NO.. Y...  
VOT! YOU  
HAFF?

MAN  
DITTO

HERAUS!!  
I VANT TO TALK  
MIT DIS NOBLE  
MAN... ALONE!

... UND YOU  
ARE SURE, DOT  
HE ISS RIGHT  
HERE.. IN MY  
OWN GESTAPO?

POSSITIFF,  
MEIN FUEHRER!  
I HAFF  
BROUGHT  
HIM UP  
FROM INFANCY!  
I VOULD  
KNOW HIM  
ANYWHERE!

NOW OUR SCENE CHANGES  
TO ANOTHER PART OF  
THE CITY.. TWO GESTAPO  
MEN MAKE THEIR WAY  
INTO A FACTORY...

JA, MEIN  
FUEHRER!

JA..

HEIL HITLER!  
ISS DER A  
FRITZ KAUSS  
HERE??

JA! LAST  
MAN ON  
THE ASSEMBLY  
LINE!!

VE HAFF YOU NOW..  
SABOTEUR! VE KNOW  
YOU ARE A MEMBER  
OF DER UNDERGROUND!

VE VANT  
NAMES! NAMES  
OF DER OTHERS!  
SPEAK!

DERE HE  
ISS!! GRAB  
HIM!

VOT!

HEFFER  
!!

FOOL.. VE VON'T  
VASTE TIME MIT  
WORDZ! I'LL LOOSEN  
YOUR JAW, OR BREAK  
IT!!

CRACK!

HAND ME  
DER WHIP,  
KURT! I'LL  
MAKE HIM  
TALK!

BAH!  
GRUMMEL IS A  
FOOL TOO!  
TINKS HE CAN  
GET ANYWHERE  
MIT SUCH  
WEAKLING  
METHODS!!



VUN LAST CHANCE  
BEFORE I BEAT  
YOU TO A  
PULP!

KILL ME  
IF YOU  
LIKE! I'LL  
NEFFER  
TELL!

BLAST HIS STUBBORNNESS!  
HIS SKIN ISS IN SHREDS!  
WHY VON'T HE SPEAK?

GET OUT OF  
DER VAY, YOU SOFT  
LIVERED FOOL! I'LL  
SHOW YOU HOW  
TO HANDLE SUCH  
SCUM!!

KURT.. VOT  
ISS DER  
MEANING OF  
SUCH IMPUDENCE?  
I AM YOUR  
SUPERIOR  
OFFICER!

I HAFF LONG  
WISHED FOR AN  
EXCUSE TO FIX  
DIT UPSTART.  
KURT WIEDLER!  
HE'LL BE BROKEN  
BY DER FUEHRER  
HIMSELF FOR DIS  
IMPUDENCE!

YOU ACT LIKE  
AN OLD LADY..  
OR AN AMERICAN,  
GRUMMEL! I VILL  
SHOW YOU HOW  
A STRONG ARYAN  
SHOULD  
HANDLE DIS!!

TAKE HIM  
TO A TANK  
TREAD!

YOU.. YOLL..  
VOULDN'T!

SILENCE! DO  
AS I SAY!

NOW! YOU  
FILTHY SPY!  
DO YOU TALK..  
OR DO I  
START DIS  
TANK  
ROLLING?



..LATER THAT NIGHT...



YOU VISH TO SEE ME, MEIN FUERER?



JA! HERR GRUMMEL HAS MADE CHARGES OF INSUBORDINATION AGAINST YOU! VOT HAFF YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?



BUT IN THE BEER HALL,  
WHEN GRUMMEL'S BACK  
IS TURNED...

STUPID, TRUSTING  
FOOL! I TOLD YOU.  
I VOULD PAY  
YOU BACK!

GAAAAN



NOW I HAD  
BETTER HURRY  
BACK TO DER  
FUEHRER, UND  
REPORT DIS  
UNFORTUNATE  
ACCIDENT!

YES, WIEDLER!  
VOT ISS IT  
NOW ??

ABOUT HERR GRUMMEL,  
MEIN FUEHRER! SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE JUST  
HAPPENED!



VE VERE BOTH  
ATTACKED BY SPIES WHILE  
CELEBRATING MY PROMOTION!  
I PUT DEM TO FLIGHT...  
BUT NOT BEFORE POOR  
GRUMMEL WAS STABBED!

YOU LIE, WIEDLER!  
I HAD YOU  
FOLLOWED. UND  
I KNOW YOU  
KILLED HIM!  
SEIZE HIM,  
MEN!



TRICKED ME,  
EH ? YOU  
VON'T TAKE  
ME VIDOUT  
A FIGHT!



NO, MEIN FUEHRER.  
I AM NOT VUN OF  
YOUR VREAKLINGS  
WHO VILL SUBMIT  
TAMELY TO  
ARREST!

I AM A LION,  
NOT A LAMB!

BONG

NOW MEIN  
FUEHRER, I  
COULD EASILY  
KILL YOU, TOO!  
UND I WILL,  
UNLESS...

DERE ISS NO  
NEED FOR  
DOT, HERR  
HUN!

HERR HUN!  
WHY DID YOU  
CALL ME  
DOT ??

BECAUSE YOU ARE  
DER SON OF DER  
HUN! YOU WERE  
IDENTIFIED BY  
DER PEASANT.  
DER HUN LEFT  
YOU MIT, TO  
BRING YOU  
UP AS HIS  
OWN CHILD!

I HAFF HAD YOUR  
FATHER'S SHIELD!  
I BROUGHT IT  
BACK, HOPING  
TO FIND SOME  
VUN WORTHY  
OF CARRYING  
IT! UND I  
HAFF, HIS  
OWN SON!

I VAS TESTING  
YOU, CHUST NOW,  
UND YOU HAFF  
PASSED LIKE A  
TRUE ARYAN! YOU  
ARE TREACHEROUS,  
A LIAR, A KILLER,  
UND STRONG AS  
TEN MEN! GO  
FORTH AS DER  
HUN, UND AVENGE  
YOUR FATHER!

YES, I VILL  
AVENGE MY  
FATHER! I  
VARN YOU  
SHIELD, IT ISS  
EITHER  
YOUR  
LIFE OR  
MINE!



GOOD LORD!  
THESE PEOPLE  
ARE BEING  
SLAUGHTERED!

THOSE COPS LEFT  
TWO MOTORCYCLES!  
LET'S BORROW  
THEM!

COME ON,  
DUSTY. WE  
CAN EXPLAIN  
LATER!

WE'RE GAINING  
ON THEM,  
SHIELD!

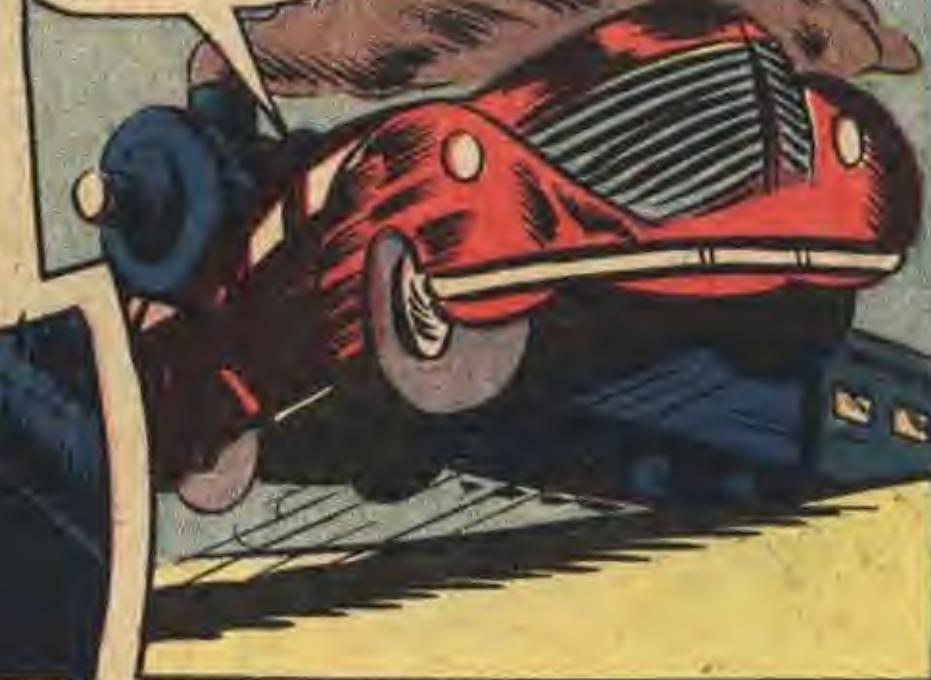
HMM... WONDER  
WHY THOSE GUYS  
AREN'T TAKING  
SHOTS AT US!

DER SHIELD  
IS STILL  
FOLLOWING  
US, HANS!

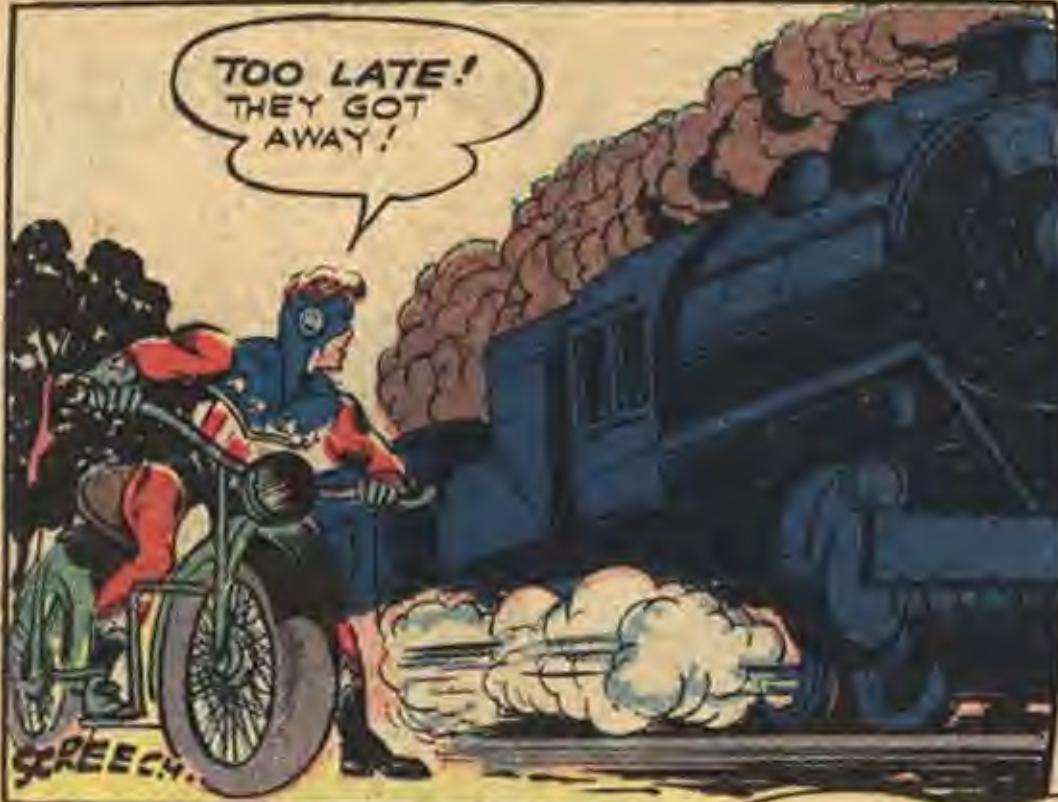
GOOT!  
WE COULD  
EASILY LEAF  
HIM BEHIND,  
BUT WE WON'T,  
EH, SIEGFRIED.  
HAH, HAH!



BLAST DOT  
TRAIN! NOW WE  
HAD TO WAIT  
FOR IT TO PASS  
SO DER SHIELD  
DOES NOT  
LOSE US!!



TOO LATE!  
THEY GOT  
AWAY!



BUT AS SOON AS THE TRAIN HAS PASSED...

THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY  
ABOUT THIS SET-UP! THOSE  
GUYS WANT US TO CHASE  
THEM!

LOOK, SHIELD!  
THE CAR IS  
STILL THERE!



BUT AS THE TRAIN PULLS BY...

GOOD BYE, HERR SHIELD... I OUTSMARTED YOU DIS TIME!

THAT GUY DELIBERATELY JUMPED ON THE TRAIN TO SPLIT US UP, DUSTY! ALL RIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO PLAY THIS GAME THEIR WAY... AND SEE WHERE IT LEADS TO!

OKAY, PAL!  
I'LL TAKE THE KRAUT ON THE TRAIN!!



THIS THING WORRIES ME!  
WHAT HAVE THOSE RATS GOT UP THEIR SLEEVES, ANYWAY!!

OKAY, HEINIE! YOU WANTED ME!... SO, YOU'RE GONNA GET ME!...



IN A  
BIG WAY!



SHOOT DOWN  
INNOCENT PEOPLE,  
WILL YOU, YOU  
MURDEROUS  
RAT!



...JUST THEN...



WHAT IN... WE  
WOULD GET  
INTO A TUNNEL!  
I CAN'T SEE  
A THING IN  
HERE!!



WHEN THE TRAIN EMERGES  
FROM THE TUNNEL...

GONE!  
DID HE HOP  
OFF OR  
DUCK INTO  
THE CARS?



...AND BACK IN THE TUNNEL

HA! I GAVE DOT YOUNG  
FIEND DER SLIP! NOW  
TO GET BACK TO  
HEADQUARTERS!



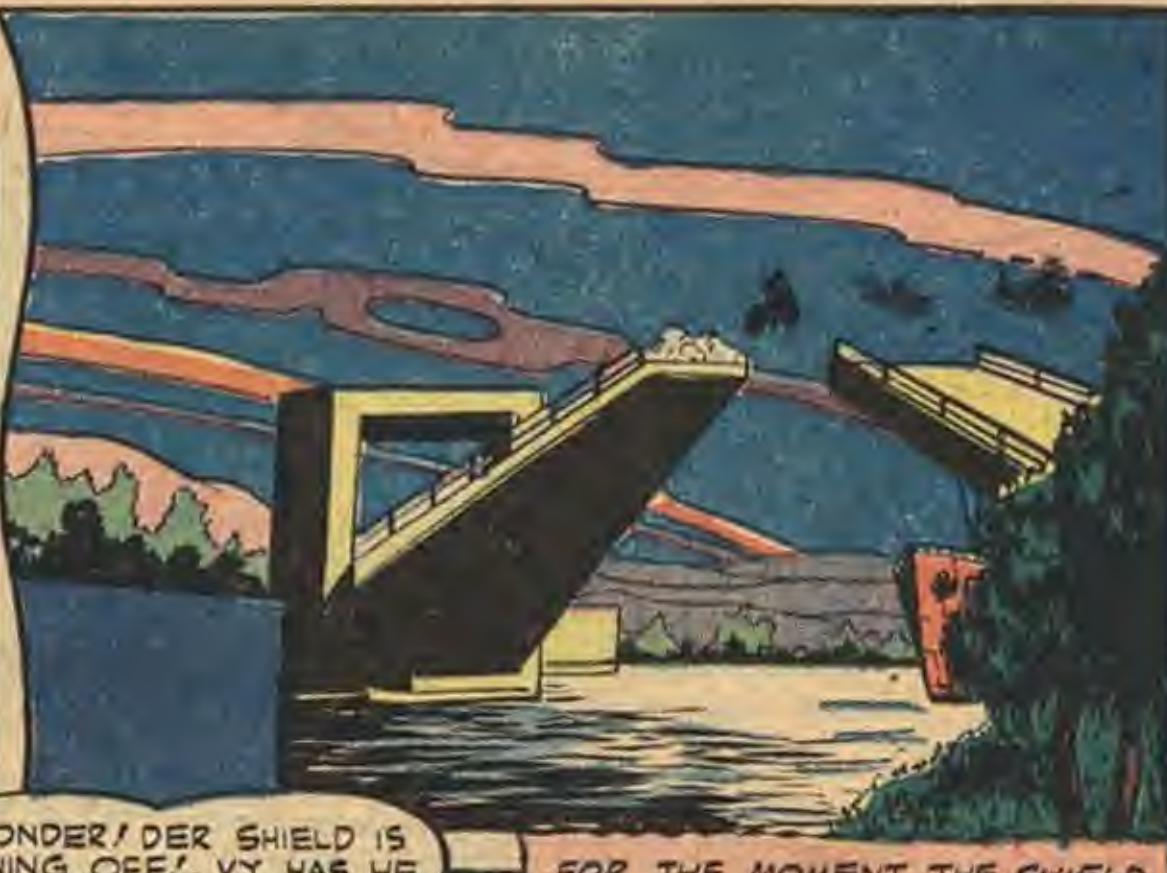
MEANWHILE... WHAT LUCK  
HAS THE SHIELD BEEN  
HAVING??

SAY.. THEY SEEM TO  
BE HITTING IT UP AGAIN!  
ARE THEY TRYING TO  
LOSE ME NOW? WAS  
IT DUSTY ALONE THEY  
WANTED??



THIS ROAD HAS CURVED  
AROUND AND IS NOW  
RUNNING PARALLEL WITH  
THE RAILROAD! I'M GOING  
TO TRY AND OVERTAKE  
THAT TRAIN... AND IF  
THOSE NAZIS TURN OFF  
THE ROAD, I'M GOING  
TO HAVE TO LET  
THEM GO!!





I WONDER! DER SHIELD IS  
TURNING OFF!... VY HAS HE  
STOPPED CHASING US??

FOR THE MOMENT, THE SHIELD  
IS MORE INTERESTED IN OVER-  
TAKING THE TRAIN.. AND SOON  
DOES! THEN, SIGHTING HIS  
BUDDY, DUSTY LEAPS DARINGLY  
FROM THE TRAIN...



THEY'RE SPEEDING IT UP  
AGAIN, DUSTY! I'VE A HUNCH  
THAT THINGS ARE GOING TO  
START POPPING SOON!



SHIELD THE  
ROADS SWING-  
ING DOWNWARD!



MY HUNCH  
CAME TRUE  
SOONER THAN  
I EXPECTED!  
WE'RE COMING  
TO THE LAST  
STOP, BOY!



WELL, WELL! QUITE  
A RECEPTION  
COMMITTEE!



YOU WILL COME  
QUIETLY WITH  
US, SHIELD!

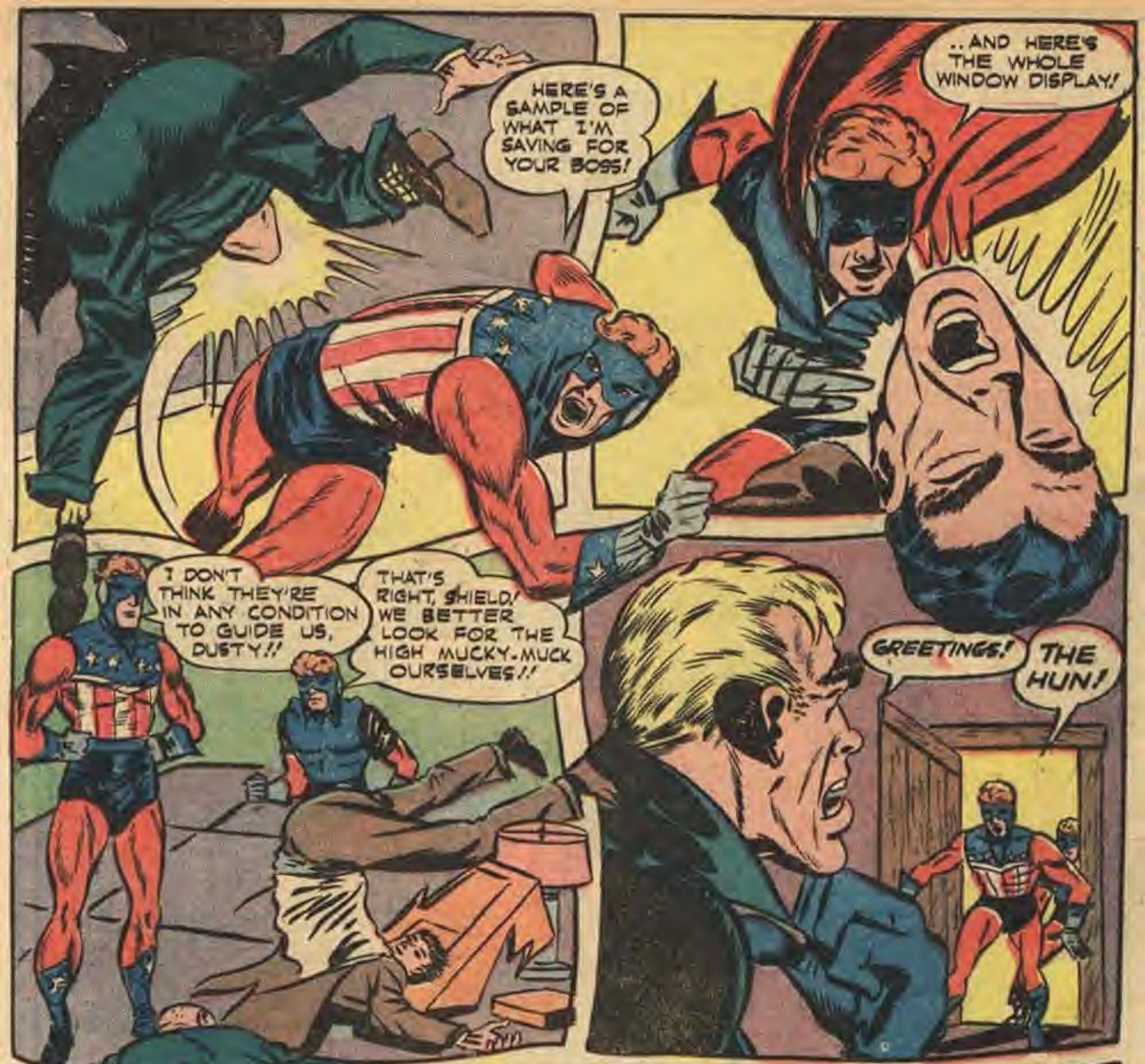
I'LL COME,  
ALL RIGHT--



--BUT NOT  
QUIETLY!



DROP THAT CHAT-  
TERGUN, KRAUT!  
BETTER STILL  
I'LL DROP  
YOU!



CHAPTER IV.  
THE BATTLE OF THE  
TITANS

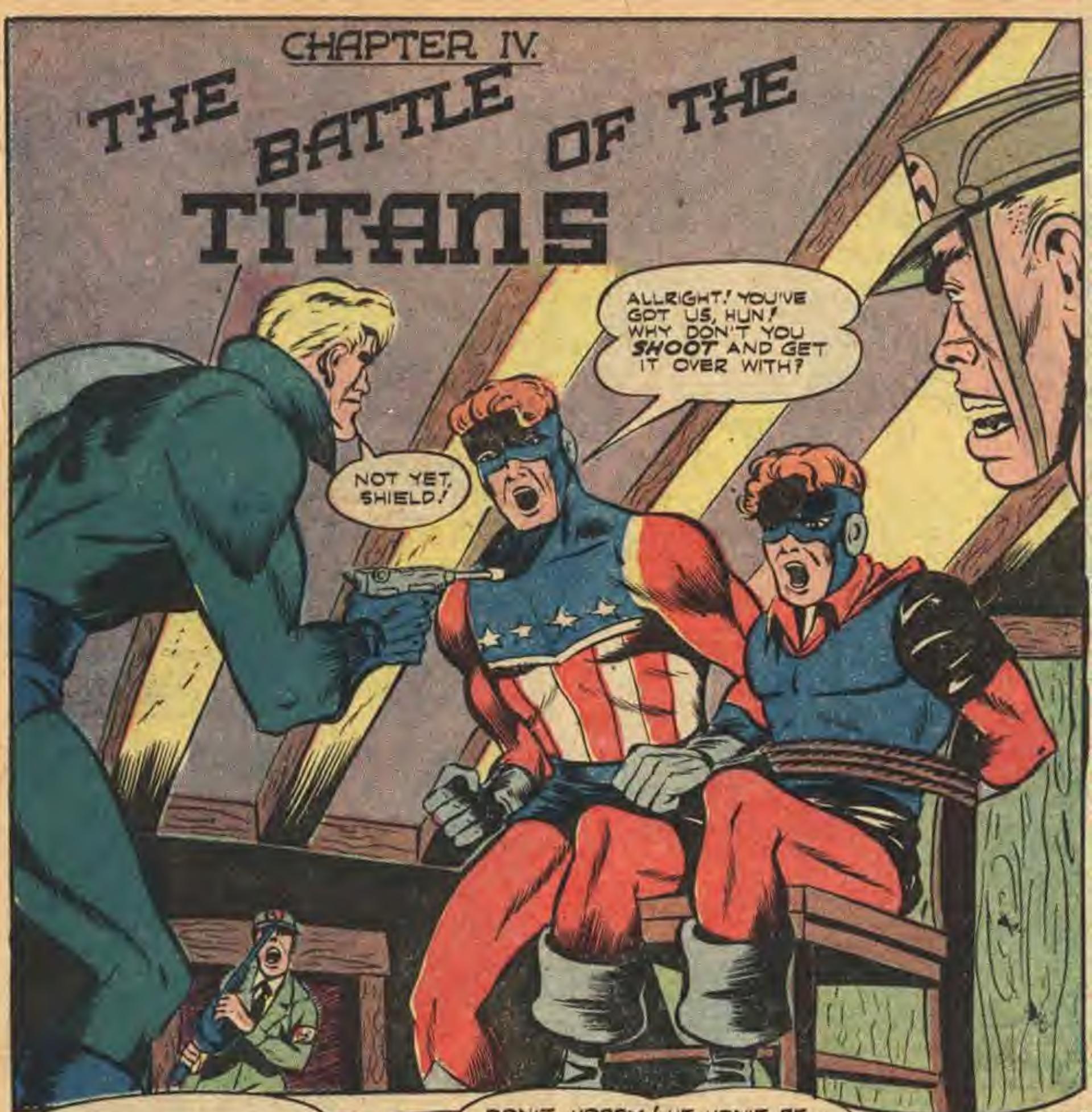
NOT YET,  
SHIELD!

ALLRIGHT! YOU'VE  
GOT US, HUN!  
WHY DON'T YOU  
SHOOT AND GET  
IT OVER WITH?

I'LL KILL YOU QUICKLY  
ENOUGH, BUT IN MY  
OWN WAY! LEAF ME  
ALONE MIT DER SHIELD,  
MEN! TAKE DER  
BRAT MIT  
YOU!

IF YOU  
HARM THAT  
BOY...

DON'T WORRY! HE VON'T BE-  
YET! I VANT HIM TO SEE...AS VELL  
AS DER REST OF DER WORLD,  
HOW I DEAL MIT YOU! FIRST  
I VILL PUT ON MY TELEVISION-  
SENDING APPARATUS!'



IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

DIS ISS DER SON OF DER HUN  
BROADCASTING! YOU ARE ABOUT TO  
VITNESS A BATTLE TO DER DEATH  
BETWEEN A PURE ARYAN UND DER  
GREATEST REPRESENTATIF OF DER  
DER DECADENT DEMOCRACIES...  
DER SHIELD!!

JEHOSEPHAT!

CHIEF! WE CAN  
TRACE THAT  
BROADCAST, AND  
CAPTURE THE  
HUN, IF...

NO! NOT YET, MEN!  
THIS IS THE SHIELD'S  
FIGHT! HE'D WANT  
TO SEE THIS THING  
THROUGH ALONE!

DER WHOLE  
WORLD SHALL  
BE VITNESS  
TO DER  
SHIELD'S  
DOWNFALL!  
DER TRIUMPH  
OF DER  
MASTER  
RACE!



NOW MY FATHER,  
DER HUN, SHALL BE  
AVENGED! SHIELD!  
AVENGED BEFORE  
DER WHOLE  
WORLD!

I'M READY,  
WHENEVER  
YOU ARE!

..AND A SHOWDOWN  
WITH YOU SUITS ME  
FINE! HERE I  
COME, HUN!



SPINELESS FOOL!  
DO YOU THINK I  
RESPECT YOUR  
VEAKLING CODE OF  
FAIR PLAY? DERE  
ISS ONLY VUN LAW  
VE NAZIS RESPECT..  
SURVIVAL OF DER  
STRONG!

...UND DEATH  
TO DER  
VEAK!



OKAY,  
THEN..  
I'LL PLAY  
THE GAME  
YOUR WAY!

NOW, COME  
OVER HERE ...



...AND GET A  
DOSE OF  
YOUR OWN  
MEDICINE!!

ERNST..  
HANS ...  
HURRY  
IN HERE!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS  
LIKE THE PURE-  
BLOODED ARYAN  
NEEDS A  
TRANSFUSION!



VERE ARE  
ALL MY MEN,  
CURSE  
DEM!

YOU SENT  
THEM TO  
GUARD THE  
OUTSIDE!  
REMEMBER?  
WHEN YOU  
WERE SO  
COCK. SURE  
OF LICKING  
ME!

IN  
BERLIN,  
WHERE  
HITLER  
IS  
AN  
INTENT  
SPECTATOR  
....

FUEHRER!  
DER HUN  
RAN FROM  
DER ROOM!  
VOT CAN HAFF RETREAT-  
HAPPENED?

IT ISS  
ONLY A  
STRATEGIC  
...I HOPE!



AND BACK AGAIN IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, WHERE EVERY EYE ALSO WAS GLUED TO THE TELEVISION RECEIVER...

WE'VE ALREADY TRACED THAT BROADCAST. CHIEF! DO WE GO AFTER THEM NOW?

YOU BET! THE SHIELD HAS THAT NAZI ON THE RUN!

..AND THOSE RATS WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING, NOW, TO GET HIM! LET'S GO, MEN!!

BOY! THIS CAVE STRETCHES A LONG WAY... SAY.. THIS MUST BE A DESERTED MINE!



PRETTY HANDY  
WITH YOUR FEET,  
AREN'T YOU!!

WELL I'LL  
STICK TO  
FISTS!!

GET UP ON  
YOUR FEET, YOU  
TREACHEROUS  
DOG, SO I  
CAN FINISH  
YOU OFF!

YOU STUPID DOLT! YOU  
SHOULD HAVE DISARMED ME,  
WHEN YOU HAD A CHANCE!  
FOR YOUR RIDICULOUS IDEAS  
OF FAIR PLAY, YOU WILL  
PAY.. WITH YOUR  
LIFE!!

BANG  
BANG  
BANG

DESPERATELY THE SHIELD  
DUCKS THE HAIL OF DEATH,  
AND AS BULLETS SPATTER  
THE WALL...

...A SECTION  
OF IT GIVES WAY...

JUMPING TOAD STOOLS!  
THIS MINE-SHAFT MUST  
RUN UNDER A STREAM!

DER VATER  
IS RISING,  
SHIELD! WE  
HAVE BETTER  
DECLARE  
A TRUCE!

THE DEVIL,  
WE WILL!  
YOU ASKED  
FOR A FIGHT  
TO THE FINISH  
AND YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
GET IT!



SHIELD! DER TUNNEL IS FLOODING! WE MUSTN'T FIGHT ANYMORE, OR WE'LL DIE LIKE RATS! I.. I DON'T WANT TO DIE DOT VAY SHIELD!

WHY, YOU SNIVELLING MOUSE!.. WHAT'S THAT?.. SOUNDS LIKE HOOF BEATS!

THEN A WEIRD MIST FORMS AND OUT OF IT A FIGURE EMERGES- ATTILA THE HUN...

..AND BEFORE THE SHIELD CAN RECOVER FROM HIS AMAZEMENT, A SWORD FLASHES DOWNWARD, AND...

YOU HAVE BEEN BEATEN, O, SON OF THE HUN! OUR POWER, THE POWER OF FORCE AND EVIL, IS ON THE WANE! NOW PREPARE TO JOIN ME, YOUR ANCESTOR, IN OBLIVION.

..AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE F. B. I. FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE NAZI LAIR...

SHOOT TO KILL, MEN!!

WELL, WE'VE ROUNDED THEM ALL UP, DUSTY.. BUT NO SIGN OF THE SHIELD, OR THE HUN!

GOLLY, CHIEF! DO YOU THINK THE HUN GOT HIM?

JUST THEN, AN F.B.I. MAN RETURNS EXCITEDLY, AND LEADS THEM TO THE HUN HEADQUARTERS..

CHIEF! I TRACED THIS REAR ENTRANCE! IT LEADS TO A DESERTED MINE SHAFT!

LET'S FOLLOW IT, MEN! MAYBE THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT!



GOOD LORD! THIS TUNNEL IS FLOODING WITH WATER! IF THE SHIELD IS IN THERE WHY DOESN'T HE COME OUT, UNLESS ... UNLESS...

GREAT HEAVENS! THE.. THE SHIELD! AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED!!

AND IN BERLIN...

VOT HAPPENED MIT DER HUN? VHY DOESN'T HE APPEAR BEFORE HIS TELEVISION SENDER AGAIN?

SURELY, HE HAS CONQUERED DER SHIELD. BY DIS TIME ... VOT'S DOT? IT SOUNDED LIKE A HORSE'S HOOF BEATS!!

ATTILA, DER HUN!!

YES, FUEHRER! I CAME TO WARN YOU! OUR CAUSE IS FALLEN! ONCE BEFORE, I APPEARED AND GAVE YOU POWER! NOW I COME TO WARN YOU OF YOUR DOOM!!

..AND THEN SLOWLY AS THE BLUR ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN STARTS TO TAKE ON SHAPE, THERE APPEARS BEFORE THE STARTLED FUEHRER'S EYES...

THEN AS THE APPARITION FADES...

NO, NO! OURS IS A MIGHTY RACE! WE WILL NOT BE CONQUERED!

DER TELEVISION! IT'S STARTING TO WORK!

HERE IT IS, NAZIS!.. YOUR PICTURE, OF THINGS TO COME!!!

YOU'VE ALREADY TASTED THE GROWING FORCE OF DEMOCRACY.. OUR COMMANDO RAIDS STRIKING LIKE PHANTOMS OF DEATH EVERYWHERE - ANYWHERE IT COULD FIND YOU!.."

"... IN THAT COFFIN OF THE NAZI SUPERMAN... RUSSIA, WHOSE ARMY HAD BEEN ANNIHILATED TWO YEARS AGO!.."

THESE SCHICKLGRUBER ARE YOUR ANSWERS TO THE CHALLENGE YOU SENT ME!.. WITH THE FINAL ANSWER TO COME!

"... ON THE BURNING DESERT SANDS OF AFRICA WHERE YOU WERE GOING TO BUILD THE ETERNAL EMPIRE!"

"... IN THE VERY STREETS OF THE COUNTRIES YOU'VE ALREADY CONQUERED!.."

THE END

# IN THE CLEAR

## a short short crime tale

THE moment he was ready to leave the teller's cage, Bill Milford heard them. Footsteps! They were coming slowly, shuffling, softly—

Then a key grated in a lock. He knew what would happen to a teller who was caught there at midnight without a good reason. A bank teller can't just walk into the building at midnight, when old Joe Waterman, the watchman, always went down by the furnace to eat his lunch, and walk off with five grand, as he did a few months before.

A bank would never stand for such irregularities. And Bill Milford was no exception. Fourteen years under the eagle eyes of Old Tim Beardsley, never giving thought of ever taking a red cent, then the day finally came.

But now he was back again on a different mission. To pay the money back. He needed the money in a hurry if Elsie was to live. The doctor told him he had to send

her south for at least a year, and the year was now up. Milford's young wife was back on her feet, but now—

A beam of light shot from a flashlight in the intruder's hand. A key grated in another lock, the lock on the cage in which he now crouched behind a large filing cabinet.

A man shuffled inside and flicked on the light, stared.

"Milford!" Old Tim Beardsley almost choked out the word. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"Forgot something, and—er—had to attend to it before morning," Milford stammered, then smiled a bit maliciously. "And you?"

"I—I had an adjustment to make in a party's loan contract, and I—"

"Was that party—you?" Milford's voice was strange and accusing. "Why not lay the cards on the table, face up! I know this will finish me with the bank, but I'm satisfied, Beardsley. I can get work in New York. If

you really want to know why I came here tonight, I'll tell you."

He pushed a heavy ledger in front of the sharp eyes of Tim Beardsley, who gazed over his bifocals to read it.

"That's what I came here for tonight. To give back the money I'd taken. I just won twenty grand in a sweepstake. Now I'm in the clear with the bank, and you or no one else can prove that I took it. It's back with all references made in the files. So—"

"Then you're leaving our employ?" Beardsley's tone was optimistic. "You're leaving without even handing in your resignation?"

"Yes. I know you'll try to prove something."

"No, Billy, my boy. I won't say a word. I know it was too bad about your wife. I felt sorry for you and her. I always liked you, Billy, even though you did not think I did. But now you're leaving, so I'll tell you something. My son has been waiting for an opening here for a long time.

Now he'll get his chance, by you going."

Milford's eyes rested on the keys in the lock. Only he and Old Beardsley had a set to fit. Slowly, he moved to the door, then swiftly opened it, letting himself out and quickly slammed the door shut, leaving Beardsley locked inside.

"Milford!" Tim Beardsley's voice rang out with a resonant hollow sound that echoed throughout the building. "What are you doing?"

"Just doing what you've tried to do to me for a long time. Caging you up like an animal. Now you'll have some explaining to do in the morning!"

Beardsley was yelling like the trapped rodent he was; cursing Milford with his high-pitched caterwaul.

"Pipe down!" Milford shouted. "Do you want Joe Waterman to come up here? If he finds you there, he'll squawk. You won't have a chance. He don't like you a

little bit. He has a score to settle with you for trying to fire him."

Old Tim Beardsley continued his yelling, but Waterman did not appear, and Milford wondered why the old watchman did not come hobbling up the stairs. Then Beardsley answered the question for him.

"Waterman!" The head bookkeeper shouted. "He can't come up here. He's dead! I—" Beardsley's breath seemed to give way. "I'll get the chair! Let me out, Billy, and I'll—"

A bell drowned out the old bookkeeper's cries. The burglar alarm! Soon a cordon of police would come swarming on the scene, surrounding the bank with sub-machine guns drawn, tear-gas bombs.

But Billy Milford did not want to remain for the excitement. He dashed down the rear stairs and let himself out through the coal chute, then crept into the

shadows of adjacent buildings, when he heard the approach of screeching sirens. Then he went home to Elsie. He did not wake her. When she did wake he'd have to tell her. They would have to pack quickly and go to New York. It would break her heart, but . . .

In the morning Elsie sat up in bed reading the morning paper when Billy opened his eyes.

"Feeling better, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," her voice sounded much stronger, he thought, and filled with cheer.

"You ought to feel better when you read the paper, too. Your chance for promotion has come at last. There was an attempted robbery at your bank last night or early this morning. Mr. Waterman had been hit over the head and knocked unconscious, but he came back and shot and killed the man who he said was trying to rob the bank. Old Tim Beardsley!"

JOHN L. GOLDWATER, 168 West Broadway, New York City; business manager, LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT, 168 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 168 West Broadway, New York City; LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT, 168 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 168 West Broadway, New York City; JOHN L. GOLDWATER, 168 West Broadway, New York City.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT

(Signature of Publisher)

Born to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1942. Maurice Coyne. (My Commission expires March 31, 1944.) (SEAL)

# DUSTY

THE SPECTACULAR  
BOY DETECTIVE

EVEN ON A VACATION DUSTY RUNS  
HEADLONG INTO ADVENTURE!  
ONLY DUSTY COULD GO ON A  
FISHING TRIP IN THE NORTH WOODS  
AND END UP CATCHING BIG GAME!!  
WE FIND HIM VISITING PETE HARKINS,  
AN OLD FRIEND OF JOE HIGGINS!!

I'M REAL  
SORRY, JOE  
COULDN'T  
COME UP  
WITH YOU,  
DUSTY!

JOE'LL BE HERE  
AS SOON AS HE  
STRAIGHTENS OUT  
SOME BUSINESS  
IN WASHINGTON,  
PETE!!

WHY HAVEN'T  
WE GONE TO THE  
BIG DEEP TO FISH?  
WE CAUGHT  
SOME REAL  
WHOPPERS  
THERE  
LAST  
TIME!

THAT  
PROPERTY  
WAS  
BOUGHT  
BY ERNEST  
HERMANN! HE'S  
POSTED THE  
WHOLE PLACE! AS  
A KID HE WAS A  
BULLY, AN' HE'S  
WORSE  
NOW! HE'LL  
SHOOT  
ANYONE  
THAT  
TRESPASSES  
!!!

HE RUNS THE PLACE AS A COMBINATION LUMBER CAMP, AND RESORT PLACE... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT IT! SPEAK OF THE DEVIL, HERE HE COMES!!





HERR HERMANN!  
WE CHUST CAUGHT  
A BOY TRYING TO  
SNEAK INTO  
OUR CAMP!

WHAT?.. THAT  
MUST BE THE  
KID, WHO'S A  
FRIEND OF  
HARKINS!  
WHERE IS  
HE??

OUTSIDE.. UNCONSCIOUS!!  
HE FOUGHT LIKE DER  
TEVEEL! IT TOOK  
SIX OF US TO  
SUBDUE HIM!!

BRING HIM  
IN,  
ADOLF!



HA, HA... TALK  
WHILE YOU  
CAN, YOU  
BRAT!

SOON YOU'LL  
BE WITHOUT A  
TONGUE...  
AND YOU'LL  
NEVER TALK  
AGAIN!!

SEE! SEE  
HOW THE HEAT  
BURNS HIS LASHES,  
BEFORE THE  
POKER IS EVEN  
NEAR HIS EYES!

STOP!!  
STOP, I SAY!!  
I'LL GUIDE YOU,  
BUT TAKE THAT  
POKER AWAY  
FROM DUSTY'S  
EYES!!



HERMANN.  
YOU FIEND!  
YOU COULDN'T  
!!!

I'LL GUIDE YOU  
BUT, REMEMBER,  
YOU'VE PROMISED  
NOT TO  
HURT,  
DUSTY!

DON'T WORRY,  
PETE! IF YOU GUIDE  
US, I PROMISE,  
WE'LL LEAVE  
DUSTY  
UNHARMED!!

HA-HA-VOT A JOKE!  
HERMANN PROMISED  
PETE, VE'D LEAVE YOU  
UNHARMED, AND VE VILL!  
BUT THIS DYNAMITE  
VILL BLOW YOU  
UP AFTER VE  
LEAVE! CLEVER  
HA, HA??

WHY YOU  
FILTHY  
TRAITOR!  
WAIT TILL  
THE F.B.I.  
DOES  
CATCH UP  
WITH YOU!

I WON'T EVEN  
BOther TO BURN  
UP DER SECRET  
PAPERS! DER  
EXPLOSION VILL DO  
DIT FOR ME!!

GOSH! IF I  
COULD ONLY  
GET THESE  
ROPEs OFF!  
THEY SURE  
TIED 'EM  
THOROUGHLY!

MAYBE! IF I  
CAN TIP THIS  
CHAIR SO, THAT  
I FALL ACROSS  
THE FUSE!!

THAT DOES  
IT! THE FUSE  
IS BURNING  
THRU THE  
ROPE!!

I'LL LET THE PLACE  
BLOW UP! THAT'LL MAKE  
'EM THINK I'M OUT OF  
THE WAY! HMM... MAYBE  
I CAN USE  
SOME OF  
THESE!

NOW IF I CAN ONLY CATCH  
THEM, BEFORE THEY CROSS  
THE RIVER!

BOYS! I'M SURE GLAD  
I DIDN'T STAY FOR THAT  
SEND OFF INTO  
ETERNITY!

THERE THEY ARE!  
LOADING THE  
CANOES! BOY  
HOWLL I GET  
DOWN IN TIME!  
IT'S A GOOD HALF  
MILE!!

A LOG  
CHUTE! THIS'LL  
DO IT!!

IF I CAN GET  
THIS LOG ON  
THE CHUTE,  
I'LL HAVE A  
PRIVATE  
EXPRESS TO  
THE RIVER!

IT'S LUCKY THAT  
THEY'RE RIGHT  
BELLOW THE  
BEND IN THE  
RIVER! THEY  
CAN'T SEE ME!

HERE'S WHERE  
I GET OFF! I  
CAN'T LET THE  
T.N.T. GET WET!

WHAT A BREAK!  
HERE'S THE LOG-  
JAM! WITH THIS  
T.N.T. I CAN GIVE  
THE BOYS A  
NICE SURPRISE!

THIS SURE  
TAKES FOOTWORK!  
I'D HATE TO  
FALL IN THE  
PATH OF THIS  
JAM, WHEN  
IT BREAKS  
LOOSE!

AND NOW TO GET  
PETE OUT OF THE WAY!  
I HOPE I'M IN TIME!!

A HUGE LOG-CRESTED WAVE CAUSED  
BY THE EXPLOSION HURTS DOWN  
ON THE CANOES....

HANS!  
JUMP!

LOOK, PETE, THEY'LL  
DROWN, WE'D BET-  
TER GET OUT  
OF HERE!

I'D LIKE TO GET  
MY HANDS ON THAT  
GUY! WHO BLEW  
UP THAT JAM!

HI, PAL!...  
LOOKING  
FOR ME?

HUH!...  
WHAT IN...

WHAT YOU  
NEED IS A LITTLE  
PADDLING! IT'S  
GOOD FOR THE  
MORALE!



A  
PRECARIOUS  
CHASE  
ENSUES, AS  
DUSTY  
FLITS FROM  
LOG TO LOG!  
IN PURSUIT  
OF  
HERMANN,  
UNTIL...

Hi, PETE!  
SOME CHAP  
IN A UNIFORM  
HANDED HER-  
MANN OVER  
TO ME! HE  
SAID I SHOULD  
DELIVER HIM  
TO YOU  
PERSONALLY!  
GOSH! YOU  
CAUGHT SOME  
OF THE  
NAZIS!

YEP!  
COUNTING  
HERMANN, THERE,  
THE SCORE'S  
PERFECT! C'MON,  
LET'S MARCH 'EM  
DOWN TO THE TOWN  
JAIL! GOSH! I'D SURE  
LIKE TO KNOW WHO  
THAT BOY IN UNIFORM  
WAS! HE KINDA  
LOOKED  
A BIT LIKE  
YOU!

Later  
FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD  
SINCE I WAS DEPUTY SHERIFF  
TO MAKE A REALLY IMPORTANT  
CAPTURE! WASN'T THE  
SHERIFF SURPRISED, WHEN  
WE DRAGGED IN THE  
PRISONER?

YEAH! 'SCUSE  
ME, PETE, I GOTTA  
POST THIS  
LETTER TO  
JOE!!!



AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

JUST GOT A  
LETTER FROM  
DUSTY, CHIEF! HAD A REPORT  
SAYS, ALL HE FROM OUR NORTH  
DOES IS FISH, DIVISION, THAT A  
EAT, AND BOY ANSWERING  
SLEEP! I'M DUSTY'S DESCRIP-  
GLAD HE'S  
GETTING A REST! THE GUIDE,

ROUNDED UP  
SOME NAZIS AND  
FIFTH COLUMNISTS!  
SOUNDS LIKE A  
SWELL  
VACATION  
FOR  
DUSTY!

# WEST COOKIES



REGISTERED  
UNITED STATES  
PATENT  
OFFICE

# THE WIZARD

WITH ROY.  
THE SUPER-BOY



OH  
GOLLY!  
OH  
GOLLY!

SWAMI  
RIVERS

MYSTIC  
SPIRITUALIST  
OCCULTIST  
FORTUNE  
TELLER

ONE FLIGHT  
UP →

TAXI!

THE "CHRONICLE"  
OFFICES PLEASE!  
AND HURRY!

I CAN'T  
WAIT UNTIL  
I SEE BLANE!

YES,  
MA'AM!



MY "SECRET"!  
HMMMM---

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT  
SOMEONE KNOWS THAT  
I'M THE **WIZARD**!  
WOULD THAT BE WHAT  
HE TOLD JANE? -- BUT  
SHE WOULDN'T PUT THAT  
IN HER COLUMN ---

**ROY! ROY!**

WHAT'S A  
TROUBLE  
BLANE?

COME IN HERE  
AND CLOSE THE  
DOOR!

LISTEN, ROY!  
I'VE JUST FOUND OUT  
THAT THERE'S A  
POSSIBILITY SOME  
ONE MAY KNOW I'M  
THE **WIZARD**!

WHAT?

I THINK WE  
HAD BETTER DO  
A LITTLE INVE-  
STIGATING!

O'BOY!  
ACTION!

WAIT A MINUTE!  
NOT SO FAST--  
WE'LL GO AS  
WE ARE, AS  
BLANE WHITNEY  
AND ROY  
CARTER!

AND SO-A  
SHORT TIME  
LATER---

HERE'S THE  
SPOT, ROY!  
LET'S GO!



SWAMI  
RIVERS  
ONE FLIGHT  
UP →



LOOK ME IN THE EYE, MR. WHITNEY! I'LL SHOW YOU MY SUPERIOR POWER - I'LL MAKE YOU FLOAT IN MID-AIR! LOOK AT ME!!!

YOU ARE NOW GOING TO RISE OFF THE GROUND BECAUSE MY MIND IS SO MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN YOURS!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I'M FLOATING! HALP!

HMM! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE A LITTLE OF MY OWN POWER!

THE WEAKER MIND, MY FRIEND!



HOW'D YOU DO IT, BLANE?

DON'T FORGET, ROY! I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THIS MYSTICISM MYSELF!

FURTHER MORE - THIS GUY IS A FAKE! HE DOESN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT LEVITATION!

STOP IT, I SAY!



WE'RE GOING  
BACK, KID! AND  
THIS TIME AS  
THE WIZARD  
AND ROY!

HOT  
DOG!

COME ON!  
WE'LL GO  
UP THAT  
FIRE ESCAPE!



ALEZ-OOP!

CATCH  
A HOLD,  
WIZARD!

IN HERE!



SHH!

WHA--?

AHA-AA!



THIEVES, EH! ROBBERS!  
TRYING TO STEAL SOME  
OF MY SECRETS!  
WHO ARE YOU?

WE HAVEN'T TIME  
TO FOOL WITH YOU,  
YOU JUST HANG  
UP THERE OUT  
OF THE WAY FOR  
A WHILE!

C'MON, ROY! WE'VE A  
LITTLE INVESTIGATING  
TO DO!

HALP!  
RIGHT ON  
YOUR HEELS,  
WIZARD!



BUT ROY DOESN'T  
DO SO WELL --

YI!  
JIU-JITSU!

TRY A GOOD  
OLD AMERICAN  
FIST!

SO!

NOW WHERE'S  
THE TELEPATHIST?



YOU GOT A WRONG  
NUMBER, CHUM!



STOP! YOU CAN  
COME NO CLOSER!  
I COMMAND IT!



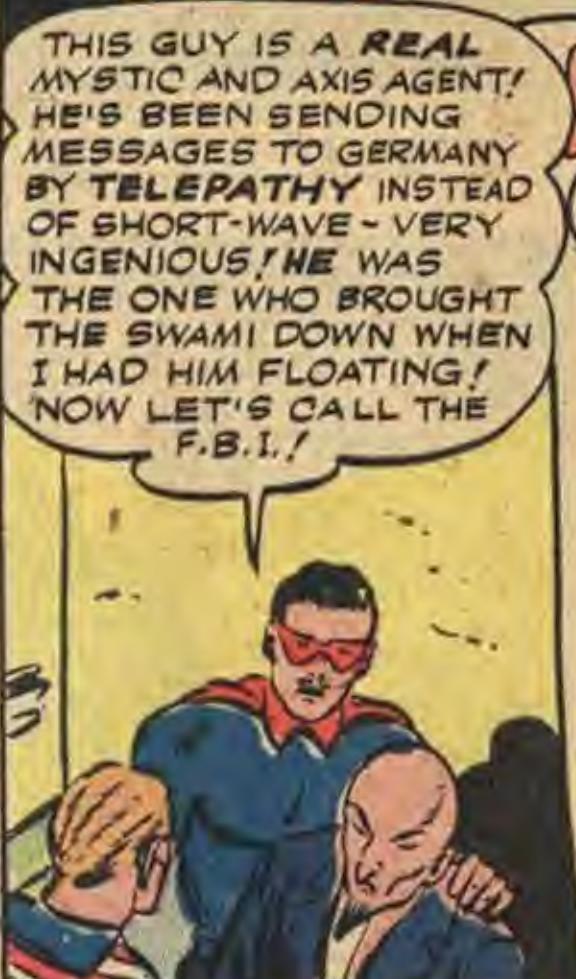
THIS GUY IS A **REAL**  
MYSTIC AND AXIS AGENT!  
HE'S BEEN SENDING  
MESSAGES TO GERMANY  
BY **TELEPATHY** INSTEAD  
OF SHORT-WAVE - VERY  
INGENIOUS! HE WAS  
THE ONE WHO BROUGHT  
THE SWAMI DOWN WHEN  
I HAD HIM FLOATING!  
NOW LET'S CALL THE  
F.B.I.!

GATER--

JANE!  
WHAT DID YOU  
FIND OUT ABOUT  
ME FROM THE  
SWAMI?

WELL-L-L!  
ALL-RIGHT!  
HE TOLD  
ME THAT  
YOUR MIDDLE  
NAME IS -  
DINGLEBOTTOM!

(GULP) NOW HOW  
DID HE EVER FIND  
THAT OUT?





HIGH ON A LONELY, WIND-SWEPT HILL, GENTLY SWINGING TO AND FRO, HANGS THE LIMP FIGURE OF WHAT WAS ONCE A RESPECTABLE MEMBER OF THE HUMAN RACE! HIS FELLOW MEN, THE PEOPLE HE GREW UP WITH, DECIDED HIS FATE, HANGED HIM FOR MURDER, THE MURDER OF THE VILLAGE MAYOR! HASTY PEOPLE, THESE VILLAGERS! WITHOUT A TRIAL THEY HANGED HIM FROM A TREE LIMB, AND LEFT HIM SWINGING IN THE RAIN!

ROB-B-BO

The

# WIZARD

and ROY the SUPER BOY!



WAS HE GUILTY OR NOT? THE STORM CLOUDS GATHER OVERHEAD TO FORM THEIR VERDICT!



AND A CHARGE OF LIGHTNING THAT WOULD BRING DEATH TO THE LIVING, BRINGS LIFE TO THE DEAD--



WHAT AM I DOING HERE? HOW DID I --- OH YES! THE MOB! THE PEOPLE -- THEY LEFT ME HERE TO DIE! BUT I DIDN'T DIE! HA, HA, THAT'S A GOOD ONE--I DIDN'T DIE!

I WAS INNOCENT, YET THEY HANGED ME! INNOCENT! BUT THEY COULDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO PROVE IT! NO? HANG HIM, HANG HIM! WELL I'LL PROVE IT NOW! I'LL SHOW THEM ALL!

SYLVIA! FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIND SYLVIA! SHE CAN HELP ME! SHE CAN TELL THEM!

MY NECK FEELS SO STRANGE! I WISH I COULD HOLD MY HEAD UP! WHAT WAS THAT?

OH, IT'S ONLY A DOG--SNYDER'S DOG! WHATSA MATTER SPOT! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

C'MERE BOY, YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO BE MAD AT ME ABOUT! I'M YOUR OLD PAL RE-MEMBER?

YOU'R

HE'S DEAD! IT WAS JUST AS THO' LIGHTNING STRUCK HIM -- AND ALL I DID WAS PAT HIM WITH MY HAND! STRANGE, I DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING!

I MUST FIND SYLVIA!  
SYLVIA CAN TELL ME  
WHAT HAS HAPPENED!  
DEAR SYLVIA, MY  
BELOVED!

I'M COMING BACK SYLVIA!  
YOU KNEW I WAS INNOCENT,  
SYLVIA! YOU CRIED WHEN  
THEY TOOK ME AWAY,  
BUT DRY YOUR TEARS  
DARLING, I'M BACK,  
I'M BACK!





THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE! THE VILLAGERS FORM A POSSE TO CATCH THE MONSTER THAT CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD-----

HA-HA! YOU'LL NOT GET ME THIS TIME!

THERE HE GOES--  
GET HIM!  
GET HIM!



WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

HE WENT THIS WAY--

NO-- THIS WAY!

HALF OF YOU GO THAT WAY!  
THE REST COME WITH US!

THEY'RE GONE! NOW I'LL GO BACK TO THE VILLAGE!  
I'LL SHOW THEM! THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY HANG A MAN WITHOUT A TRIAL AGAIN!



I MUST FIND GORTH!  
HE'S THE ONE! HE'S THE ONE WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANGED, NOT ME!  
BUT THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME, I'VE GOT TO FIND GORTH!

MEANWHILE, THE WIZARD AND ROY, RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK OF CONTACTING THE "MONSTER" FORM A PLAN OF STRATEGY---

ROY, THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET-UP! WHEN THE MAYOR WAS MURDERED, THEY LYNCHED TIM ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE MAYOR'S HOME AND GET THE WHOLE STORY!

THAT'S HIS HOUSE UP ON THE HILL! I SAW THREE MEN GO IN THERE RIGHT AFTER THE MOB WENT AFTER THE "MONSTER"-ER I MEAN TIM!



AT THE MAYOR'S HOME--

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO GORTH? IF THE VILLAGERS FIND OUT YOU KILLED THE MAYOR JUST TO GET HIS OFFICE, YOU'LL BE NEXT!

A LOT YOU'VE GOT TO TALK ABOUT! WE'RE ALL IN IT! AS THE TOWN'S TREASURER YOU FIXED THE BOOKS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE TIM STOLE THE MONEY AND JOE HERE LED THE LYNCHING SCHEME!

WHAT WAS THAT?

CLICK

**TIM!**

YOU, GORTH!  
I'VE COME  
FOR YOU!

TIM...WAIT...LISTEN  
TIM...NO...NO!  
YOU CAN'T TIM!  
I CAN EXPLAIN!

WIZARD, LOOK!

THE  
MONSTER!

AAHGGG!

CRASH

NOW'S OUR  
CHANCE TO MAKE  
OUR GET-AWAY!

YEH!  
HURRY  
UP!

HERE I COME,  
WIZARD!

GOOD WORK, ROY!  
I WANTED TO TALK  
TO THESE BIRDS!

WE AIN'T GOT  
NOTHIN' TO  
SAY TO YOU!

UNNOTICED BY THE  
OTHERS TIM STRUGGLES  
TO HIS FEET ----

OOOF!

OH,  
OH!



ZATT  
SLUG!

NOW, GORTH!  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
PAY FOR THIS!

NO, NO, TIM! I'LL CONFESS!  
I DID IT! I KILLED THE  
MAYOR! YOU'RE INNOCENT,  
TIM! I DIDN'T MEANT TO  
DO IT! I NEEDED THE  
MONEY! HONEST,  
TIM!



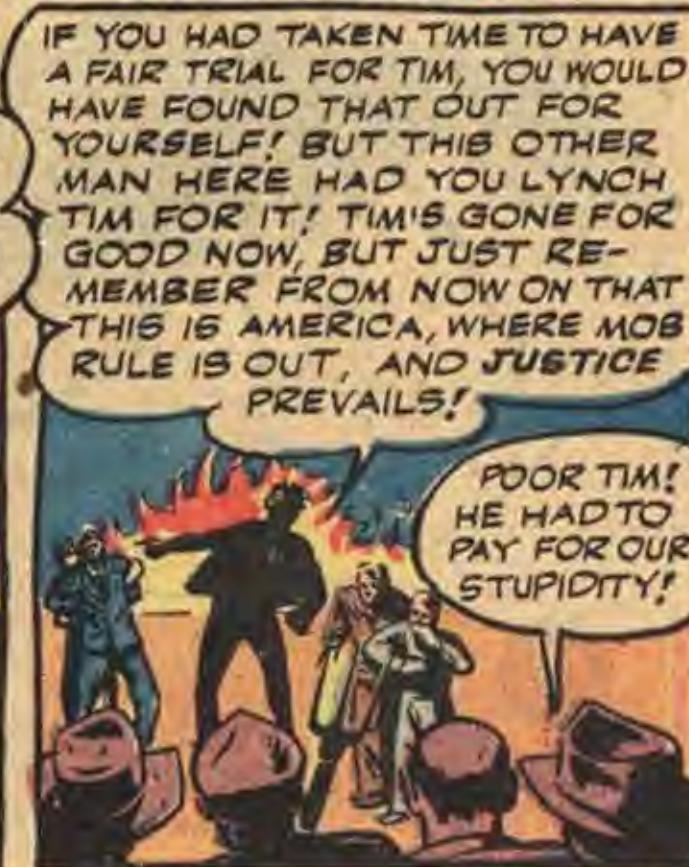
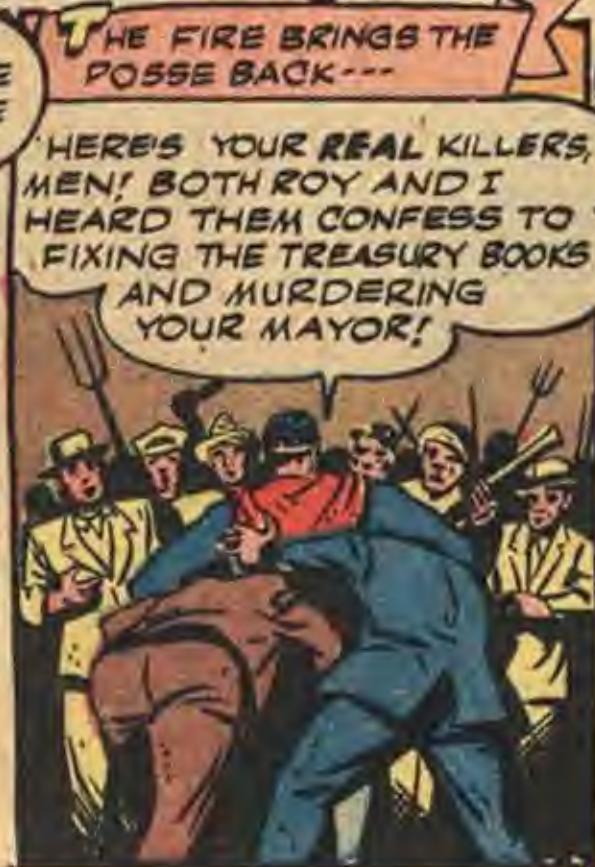
THE WIZARD TRIES TO WARD  
OFF TIM'S REVENGEFUL ATTACK!

YOU DON'T DIE WHEN  
YOU TOUCH ME! YOU  
ARE STRONG - BUT  
I AM STRONGER!

I SHALL GET MY REVENGE  
AND YOU WILL NOT  
STOP ME!



FEINTING A FORWARD ATTACK THE MONSTER CATCHES THE WIZARD OFF GUARD ---



# WORLD WONDERS



THE OCEAN HITCH HIKER  
IS THE HALOBATE,  
AN INSECT WHICH IS  
OFTEN FOUND MANY  
THOUSANDS OF MILES  
FROM LAND, RIDING  
ON FLOATING WEED.



**T**HE MISKITO INDIANS OF HONDURAS  
MAKE USE OF THE STRONG CLAMP  
LIKE JAWS OF THE SOLDIER PARASOL  
ANT TO CLOSE THEIR WOUNDS.....

**A WOLF SUICIDE**

AN ESKIMO CAN CAUSE A WOLF TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE... A WHALEBONE KNIFE  
IS PLACED BLADE UP IN THE SNOW. THE  
WOLF IS ATTRACTED TO THE BLOOD-COVERED  
BLADE AND CUTS HIS TONGUE. THE TASTE  
OF BLOOD EXCITES HIS APPETITE AND  
HE CUTS HIMSELF MORE AND MORE  
**UNTIL** HE FINALLY BLEEDS TO DEATH!



EARLY ALL THE  
INHABITANTS OF  
GREENLAND ARE  
DESCENDANTS OF  
EUROPEANS!

# ROY!

THE  
SUPER  
BOY

SAY, ROY!  
HAVE YOU HEARD  
THE STORY ABOUT  
THE TALKING  
DOG?

HEARD IT?  
WHY, I WAS  
THERE!



AND HOW ABOUT  
YOU, DEAR READER?  
HAVE YOU HEARD IT?  
IF NOT, READ ON,  
AND DISCOVER WHAT  
HAPPENED IN ROY'S  
MOST UNUSUAL AD-  
VENTURE!

E. Robbins



WE  
FIND ROY  
ENJOYING  
A WALK  
IN THE  
PARK!

AH! WHAT A  
DAY! SMELL  
THAT AIR!

WELL, WELL!  
LOOK AT THE  
PUP!

WHAT ARE YOU  
AFTER OL' BOY?  
YOU GOT A  
SQUIRREL UNDER  
THERE?

NO-O! I'M  
LOOKIN' FOR  
MY MASTER!

OH!

HEH! THAT'S FUNNY!  
I'VE HEARD OF LOST  
DOGS BUT NEVER  
OF A LOST MASTER  
BEFORE!

BUT THAT'S WHAT  
HE SA---! HEY!  
HE TALKED!

ER-- I HATE TO  
BOther YOU AGAIN,  
MR. PUP! BUT WOULD  
YOU MIND REPEATING  
WHAT YOU JUST  
SAID?

CERTAINLY  
NOT!

I SAID, I'M LOOKING  
FOR MY MASTER!

ARRRGH! HE SAID  
IT AGAIN! IT'S A  
TRICK! IT'S A TRICK!

IT'S SOMEBODY  
HIDIN' BEHIND THE  
BUSH HERE!

OKAY,  
WISE GUY,  
I GOTCHA!

WHAT'D  
YOU DO  
THAT FOR?

HERE COMES A COP!  
I'LL SEE IF HE CAN  
HEAR HIM TOO!

HERE, BOY!  
HERE, PUP!



OFFICER, NOW  
DON'T THINK I'M  
NUT'S, BUT SEE  
IF YOU CAN HEAR  
THIS DOG TALK!

WHAT?

WELL SAY  
SOMETHING!

C'MON,  
PUP! SAY  
SOMETHING!

SAY, WHAT KIND OFA  
GAG IS THIS? GET OUT  
OF HERE! GO ON  
BEAT IT!



TALKIN' DOGS, INDADE!  
SURE, AN' THE NEXT  
THING IT'LL BE  
FLYIN' ELY'FANTS!

OH ME! OH MY!  
I'M AFRAID I'M  
GOING CRAZY!

DON'T TAKE IT  
SO HARD, PAL!

Y!! THERE  
HE GOES  
AGAIN!

HEY! WAIT A  
MINUTE! YOU'RE  
NOT CRAZY!

OH NO?  
WELL,  
ONE OF  
US IS!

LOOK! THE REASON  
I WOULDN'T TALK  
WHEN THE COP WAS  
AROUND IS THAT I  
DON'T WANT ANY  
PUBLICITY! I HATE  
CROWDS!

BUT YOU  
REALLY  
ARE  
TALKING?

CERTAINLY!

WHEW! WELL I  
DON'T GET IT, BUT  
IT SURE IS A RELIEF!  
MY NAME IS ROY!

HIYA, ROY!  
I'M ROVER!

I'M LOOKING FOR  
YOUNG HARRY SHORTEN!  
HE'S MY MASTER! I'M  
AFRAID HE MIGHT HAVE  
RUN OFF WITH SOME  
BUMS WHO WERE  
HANGING AROUND  
THE HOUSE THIS  
MORNING!

HMM!!  
I'LL  
GIVE YOU  
A HAND,  
ROVER!

IS OVER  
LEADS ROY TO  
THE BUMS--

THERE THEY  
ARE!

UH, HUH!  
COME ON!  
WE'LL SEE  
WHAT THEY  
KNOW!

HAVE YOU  
FELLA'S SEEN  
A KID NAMED  
HARRY SHORTEN?  
I HEAR YOU WERE  
HANGING AROUND  
HIS HOME THIS  
MORNING!

G'WAN!  
WE AIN'T  
LEFT DIS  
SPOT ALL  
DAY!

I HAPPEN TO KNOW  
YOU WERE THERE!  
ROVER TOL' - ULPS!

NOW I'VE  
DONE IT!



HAW! DIDJA HEAR  
DAT' ROVER TOLD  
HIM? HAW  
G'WAN BEAT IT,  
SCREW BALL!



COME ON BOYS!  
THERE'S PLENTY  
FOR ALL!

POW!

BUT-

DIS'LL  
FIX  
HIM!



LATER

OOOOOO!/ MY HEAD WHERE AM I?

THAT DOG! THE TRAMPS! THEY'RE GONE!

GEE WHIZ! IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! MUST HAVE DREAMT IT!



I'LL GO DOWN TO THAT KID'S HOUSE AND GEE IF HE'S GOT A DOG JUST TO MAKE SURE! HARRY SHORTEN WAS HIS NAME!



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